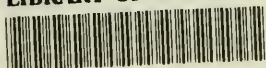


PS 3505
.L3745 L8

1918

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002811728





C582
171

Love Off to the War *and* OTHER POEMS

By
THOMAS CURTIS CLARK
"



NEW YORK
JAMES T. WHITE & CO.,
1918

PS3505
.L3745L8
1918

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the respective Publishers for permission to use the verses which are reprinted from *The Christian Herald*, *The Congregationalist*, *The Continent*, *Christian Endeavor World*, *People's Home Journal*, *Sunday School Times*, *The British Weekly*, *The Living Church*, *The Catholic World*, *Unity*, *New York Sun*, *Chicago Daily News*, *Indianapolis Star*, *St. Louis Globe Democrat* and other publications.



COPYRIGHTED 1918 BY
JAMES T. WHITE & CO

FEB -8 1919
©CL.A511574

no 1

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO H. D. C.,
WIFE, AND COMRADE HELPER

CONTENTS

LOVE OFF TO THE WAR

DEAD SAVIORS	10
LOVE OFF TO THE WAR.....	11
HELL'S DREAM	12
A QUESTION	12
AT HALF-MAST	13
THE NIGHT OF SORROW	14
ON A EUROPEAN BATTLE FIELD.....	15
MESSENGERS	16
THE OPTIMISM OF FAITH.....	16
FOR ME	17
THE CALL	18
DRUM BEATS	19
THE CHALLENGE	20
AMERICA'S MEN	21
GOD RULES THE SEAS!.....	22
AMERICA MARCHING	23
THANKSGIVING DAY, 1917.....	24
BY THIS SIGN CONQUER!.....	25
"AMERICA GOES FORTH TO SLAY".....	26
THE BATTLE SONG OF TRUTH.....	27
THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN.....	28
GETHSEMANE	29
"BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD".....	30
THE DAWN OF LIBERTY.....	31
THE ABIDING	32
AMERICA IN FRANCE.....	33
WOODROW WILSON—LEADER	34

IN FRIENDLY TOWN

WEALTH	36
--------------	----

CONTENTS—(*Continued*)

KING OF AN ACRE.....	37
ON CONTENTMENT STREET.....	38
THE OPTIMIST'S RAINY DAY.....	39
A SONG OF QUIETNESS.....	40
TAKE TIME TO LIVE.....	41
HUT HAPPINESS	42
IN FAIRYLAND	43
HOW FAR IS IT TO CHILDHOOD TOWN?.....	44
SONGS OF THE SEASONS	
REVELATION	48
MARCH YEARNING	49
SPRING SONG	50
TOP O' THE MORNING.....	51
ON A JUNE DAY.....	51
DAWN	52
A JUNE MILLIONAIRE.....	53
WAYSIDE ROSES	54
THE WAY AND THE SONG.....	54
IN THE DAISY FIELD.....	55
SEPTEMBER	56
THE DEATH OF SUMMER.....	57
AUTUMN	58
ROMANCE	
ROMANCE	60
A SONG AND A DREAM.....	61
TO HELEN	62
A MINIATURE	63
THE RESCUE	64
THE HOMECOMING	65
LOVE THE PENITENT.....	66
KEEP LOVE IN YOUR LIFE.....	67

CONTENTS—(*Continued*)

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.....	68
HEART OF GOLD.....	69
GIVE ALL FOR LOVE.....	70
FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM	
THE WORLD BUILDERS.....	72
THE POET'S CALL.....	73
THE SEER	74
THE POET	75
THE TWO SONGS.....	75
FAME	76
TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, 1915.....	76
TO THE SINGER.....	77
CHRISTUS	
MARY	80
CAESAR AND CHRIST.....	81
THE UNIVERSAL GUILT.....	82
A PRAYER	83
THE TRUE NEED.....	83
THE PRAYER OF THE SOUL.....	84
A PRAYER	85
THE LIGHT OF LIFE.....	85
WANDERERS	86
THE CHRIST MILITANT.....	87
THE FAITH OF CHRIST'S FREEMEN.....	88
THE MYSTIC	
LIGHT	90
THE PURSUIT	91
THE SEARCH	92
THE STAY	93
THE VOICE OF THE DEEP.....	94
GOD IS NOT FAR!.....	95

CONTENTS—(*Continued*)

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.....	96
FAITH	96
MY PILOT KNOWS.....	97
AT THE DAY'S BEGINNING.....	97
TO-DAY	98
THE BEST THINGS.....	99
THIS ABIDES	99
AS LITTLE CHILDREN.....	100
THE SPIRIT OF HOPE.....	101
AT EVENING TIME.....	101
BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.....	102
STUDIES IN SOULS	
INFLUENCE	104
THE REMORSE OF DAVID.....	105
THE MASTER	107
THE WORLD'S VERDICT.....	108
THE MASTERPIECE	109
THE UNCROWNED VICTOR.....	109
THE GLORY OF LINCOLN.....	110
SUCCESS	110
DIVES	111
SYMPATHY	112
THE PREACHER	112
SONS OF PROMISE.....	113
THE NEW WORLD	
BUGLE SONG OF PEACE—A PROPHECY.....	116
GOD'S DREAMS	117
THE NEW EDEN.....	118
THE CRY OF THE WORLD'S WRETCHED ONES.....	119
THE GOLDEN AGE.....	120
THE COMING	122

LOVE OFF TO THE WAR
AND OTHER POEMS

DEAD SAVIORS

*I heard the winds of December
Whistle and blow,
And I thought of the brave lads sleeping
Under the snow.*

*And there, as I stood in sorrow,
I dreamed of spring,
When the wind would blow from the southland,
And birds would sing.*

*I said, Then earth will be happy
And peace will bide
Because the lads in the trenches
Failed not, but died.*

LOVE OFF TO THE WAR

IT will not matter much that I shall go
From out the haunts of youth, the charms of
home,

To dwell in stranger lands; no more to know
The kiss of wife and babe; long months to roam
Beneath embattled skies, in muck and mire,
Starved, rain-drenched and fighting demon fire.

It will not matter much that I shall fall
Within a hostile land, where terror rides;
That I shall no more hear stern duty's call;
Most sweet shall be my rest, where peace abides.
With me it shall be well if truth prevails,
But dire shall be my dreams, if justice fails.

It matters not that I in death shall lie;
It matters much that *Freedom shall not die.*

HELL'S DREAM

A PROUD king dreamed in his gilded chair;
He dreamed—and sighed, for the lands were
fair!

A king said “Yea!” It was but a breath!
And a million men marched toward the gates of
death.

A million wives gasped as their husbands sped;
A million babes starved as their fathers bled.
A king sought gain in the north and south—
And a million men marched toward the cannon’s
mouth.

A QUESTION

GOD, who made the shining stars,
The circling planets, the fair, green earth,
With friendly seasons—jubilant spring,
Bountiful summer, winter that puts tired life to rest;
God, who made morning songs and sweet night-
crooning;

God of the forests and silver rivers,
Gardens and orchards green and golden,
God of harmony, God of beauty,

Who made war?

AT HALF-MAST

FLY the flag at half-mast
For the life that has been spilt,
For the wealth that has been built
 On the bones of men;
Fly the flag at half-mast
 Till the day breaks again.

Fly the flag at half-mast
For the greed that would not die,
For the hate that scorched the sky
 With envenomed fire;
Fly the flag at half-mast
 For the deeds of men's ire.

Fly the flag at half-mast
For the love that has been slain,
For the conflict's bloody stain
 On the hopes of men;
Fly the flag at half-mast
 Till the day breaks again.

THE NIGHT OF SORROW

THE stars have vanished from the midnight sky;
A death-like hush enfolds the earth and sea;
And on the wind tonight I hear the cry
That echoed once from cruel Calvary.

In countless towns they crucify the Lord,
The Prince of Life devote to death and shame;
They scorn His rod of love and raise the sword,
And scourge the Christian lands with "Christian"
flame.

The swollen waves are red with human blood;
The sod is reeking with the nations' tears;
The world is steeped in sorrow, for a flood
Of wrath and woe has fallen on our years.

Thou Christ of God, we kneel before Thy cross;
Our path is dark—Thou art the only Way.
Oh, grant us strength to bear this grief and loss
And lead us forth again into the day.

The world that turned from Thee must seek again
Thy love, Thy mercy, and Thy wondrous peace;
The hosts that tread the wilderness of pain
Must hail Thee Shepherd ere their woes shall
cease.

O great Physician, Thou alone canst heal;
O mighty Savior, only Thou canst save;
Forgive our sin, turn not from our appeal:
Reach forth Thy hand and lift us from the grave.

ON A EUROPEAN BATTLE FIELD

THEY are not dead, the soldiers fallen here;
Their spirits walk throughout the world today;
They still proclaim their message far and near:
Might is not right, God's truth must have its way!

The cold, damp soil cannot these heroes hide;
These knightly lads who did not fear to die
That liberty and freedom still might bide:
Weep not for them, though here they lowly lie.

Go forth and tell their message to the world;
In vain their fight, in vain the foe withstood;
Unless above all kingdoms be unfurled
The pure white flag of love and brotherhood.

MESSENGERS

"JOY has left the world," I said;
And my heart was mute and sad;
Then I heard a bluebird's note,
And again my heart was glad.

"Peace has left the world," I said;
"Strife has seized the hearts of men";
Then I saw a robin's nest,
And the earth was calm again.

"Love has left the world," I said;
And I languished in despair;
Then I smiled—a mother bird
Fed her brood with tender care.

THE OPTIMISM OF FAITH

ABOVE the raucous cries
Of world-old wrong,
Faith hears, in accents deep,
Truth's battle song.

Athwart the fearful gloom
Of sin's black night,
Faith sees, slow-conquering,
Love's kindly light.

FOR ME

IN Picardy, beyond the sea,
A million heroes fight for me;
Where fires of death appall the night,
And smoky curtains blind the sight,
They battle, in the fiendish light—
For me.

In Picardy, beyond the sea,
Our warrior laddies bleed for me;
For them the home land held the most—
Nor did they fail to count the cost;
They went, lest freedom might be lost—
For me.

In Picardy, beyond the sea,
Those dauntless lads would died for me!
The fleur-de-lis, deep-tinged with red,
Will bend o'er many a gory bed,
Where lie those sons of Freedom—dead—
For me.

THE CALL

IN days long gone God spake unto our sires:
"Courage! Launch out! A new world build for
me!"

Then to the deep they set their ships, and sailed
And came to land, and prayed that here might
be

A realm from pride and despotism free,
A place of peace, the home of liberty.

Lo, in these days, to all good men and true
God speaks again: "Launch out upon the deep
And win for me a world of righteousness!"

Can we, free men, at such an hour still sleep?
O God of Freedom, stir us in our night
That we set forth, for justice, truth and right!

DRUM BEATS

WHAT mean these hurrying feet?
What means this militant drum?
Along the sun-lit street
 Ten thousand patriots come.
It means that death is near
 For monarchy on earth;
It means the end of fear;
 It means a new world's birth.
The age of kings is past,
 The age of man has come;
Tyranny cannot last—
 Hark to the patriot drum!
No more can God endure
 The pride of kings and lords:
His wrath is stern and sure—
 More sure than a million swords.
The truth cannot be stayed;
 The right must rule o'er all;
The false must low be laid;
 The pomp of power must fall.
What means that patriot cry?
 What means that militant drum?
That the end of kings is nigh,
 That the People's day has come.

THE CHALLENGE

YOU have wasted our cities with fire,
You have blackened our treasured art,
You have blasted our shrines in your ire,
You have broken the whole world's heart.
But your purpose will fail;
The right will prevail,
Though widely your flag be unfurled.
You can shatter the work of our hands, Wilhelm,
But you can't kill the soul of the world.

You have slaughtered our patriot sons,
You have ravished our womanhood,
You have strangled our babes, and your guns
Have every appeal withstood.
But your purpose will fail;
The right will prevail;
Your banners of death shall be furled.
You can slaughter our patriot sons, Wilhelm,
But you can't kill the soul of the world.

AMERICA'S MEN

WE are America's men,
Strong, forceful, and free.

We are America's men,
Children of liberty;
Ready to march at the trumpet's call,
Ready to fight, ready to fall—
And ready to herald, "Peace for all!"
We are America's men.

We are America's men,
Brave, dauntless, and true.
We are America's men,
Ready to dare and do;
Ready to wield the sword with might,
Ready the tyrant's brow to smite—
And ready to sheathe the sword—for Right!
We are America's men.

We are America's men,
Loathing the despot's rod.
We are America's men,
Under the rule of God;
Ready to battle giants grim,
Ready to fight till day grows dim,
But ready to sheathe the sword—for Him!
We are America's men.

GOD RULES THE SEAS!

A THOUSAND dreadnoughts proudly flaunt
Their flags before the breeze;
A million seamen ride the waves,
But God rules the seas.

Before a king had donned a crown,
Or queen had lolled at ease,
The floods beat high against the sky,
And God ruled the seas.

Before a lord had claimed the tide
To curb as he might please,
The waters of the earth flowed wide,
And God ruled the seas.

The fountains of the deep are His,
And His the favoring breeze;
His are the laws of ebb and flow,
For God rules the seas.

AMERICA MARCHING

WHISTLING—in tears—they go,
Brimming with life,
Out from love's shielding arms
Into the strife.

They go with sinking hearts,
But with a will
That in the face of fate
Shall fight on still.

Why should they be cast down?
Though grim their cross,
To him whose heart is brave
Death brings no loss.

They will not turn them back,
Though rest come late:
Freedom must live in earth
Whate'er their fate.

Liberty, fear no more!
Our heroes come,
Marching with loyal feet
To patriot drum.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1917

NOT for our hosts of mighty men, O Lord,
Who strive today in pits of human blood;
Nor for the iron monsters of the deep
Which, war-possessed, now cleave the ocean's
flood;
But for the hearts that sicken as they slay,
That faint before the awful storm of hate—
For these we thank Thee, Lord. Oh, keep Thou
them
Thus tender, merciful, compassionate!

Let not our eyes be blinded by the blast,
Let not our ears be deafened to Thy voice,
But may the tumult and the war-like flames
Lead us the more in mercy to rejoice;
We glory not in victories of guns,
We find no pleasure in a scourge of pain;
This task we must perform. Oh, speed our work,
That we may walk as sons of peace again!

BY THIS SIGN CONQUER!

WE battle not that we may be
The arbiters of every sea,
And that our armies may be found
Triumphant to earth's farthest bound.
No single drop of blood shall flow
That we a victor's joy may know.
Behind our deadly shot and shell,
That shatter as a blast from hell,
Will be no selfish greed for gold;
Man's life shall not for lust be sold.
The hand that wields the demon gun
Will feel no pride, its duty done.
The warrior's keen, unerring eye
Will fill with tears that men must die.
One thought shall stir us to the fight:
That war alone can save the right;
That shot and shell and cannon's roar
Alone can freedom's cause restore.
The Cross, the Cross—be this the sign
That gleams above our battle line!

“AMERICA GOES FORTH TO SLAY”*

“**A**MERICA goes forth to slay”—
The giant Greed, the harlot Pride;
The Will that dares to override
The peopled earth with fire and sword,
That there may be one mighty lord.

“America goes forth to slay”—
The foes that lurk within herself:
The love of gold, the lust for pelf,
The self-content that could ignore
The slaughter on the Belgian shore.

America goes forth to bleed—
That Love may be earth’s final creed,
That Mercy may in every land
Subdue the brutal Iron Hand.
America goes forth to *die*
For Faith, for Love, for Liberty.

*A current criticism.

THE BATTLE SONG OF TRUTH

WHAT though the day be lost, and every warrior
slain!

A million years are His to win the field again.

The triumph is to God, however long the strife;

For sin and death must yield to Him, the Lord of
Life.

The planets are in league against the hosts of night;

The sun itself goes forth to battle for the right.

The ages fight for God! Shall we the contest yield?

Arise, ye sons of Truth, and sweep the hostile field!

THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN

Dedicated to the first fallen at the front.

THEY have not died in vain—

Those soldier lads who left their tasks and play
At Freedom's call, who smiling marched away
From home and loved, to hold hell's tribes at bay.

They have not died in vain;
Though now they rest beneath the war-swept sod,
A million men shall walk the way they trod,
Because they fell—adventurers for God.

They have not died in vain;
Their cold lips speak; the whole world hears their
cry,
"To arms! to arms!" The whole world gives reply:
"By these dead heroes Freedom shall not die!"

GOD'S VICTORS

GOD'S battles are forever won,
Though oft His warriors bite the dust;
Triumphant in their death they lie,
Who fall in warfare just.

The final issue standeth sure,
When right and wrong in conflict meet;
Who fight for right may be laid low,
But right knows no defeat.

GETHSEMANE

NOW is the world's Gethsemane.
Love in the garden weeps alone
Because the ark of truth is taken,
Because the hearts of men are stone;
But courage! Earth is not forsaken!

Now is the world's Gethsemane—
And there is yet a darker morrow:
They will not have the Son of Light;
In some black hour of awful sorrow
His feet must mount the hill of night.

Now is the world's Gethsemane—
Tomorrow shall be Calvary!
But God will not His cause forsake:
An Easter-dawn of peace shall be,
When every watchful soul shall see
A new world-morning break.

“BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD”

BE still and know that I am God,
Ye who with fret and fear are worn;
Who hear no voice, when tempests beat;
Who faint, by sorrows overborne;
Who dwell in shadows of defeat.

Be still and know that I am God;
The world is mine—the shine, the storm;
Your life is mine—your hopes, your fears;
The sun is mine, to keep you warm;
I guard your days, your distant years.

Be still and know that I am God;
Let not the fires of war appall!
Fear not the demons of the seas!
The kings who build on blood shall fall;
I rule the nations’ destinies.

Be still and know that I am God;
Mine only is the conquering sword;
What can avail the tyrant’s boasts,
If I oppose, who am the Lord?
Fear only me, the Lord of Hosts!

THE DAWN OF LIBERTY

AROUND the world truth speaks in new-found voices;

The darkness flees and all the world rejoices.

The people's God has heard the people's plea;

It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

God shakes all thrones; the jeweled crowns are falling.

“To serve, to serve!”—this is the clear cry calling.

The hosts of earth shall see a world set free;

It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

No longer shall the war lords strike with terror;

The end has come for darkness and for error.

The light of truth shall rest on land and sea;

It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

THE ABIDING

GOD reigns!
His is the day,
And the night of hate
And the storm of wrath
Shall pass away.

Love reigns!
Hers are the years,
And an age of peace
And of kindliness
Will banish fears.

Truth reigns!
God is on high,
And the pride of kings
And the lust for things
Are doomed to die.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

YOU have not fought in vain, O dead,
Who sleep amid the poppies red:
Your plea, attested with your blood,
By all the world is understood,
And we, your brothers, come from far
To win our nation's service star.

How could we fail you, in your fight
For liberty, for truth and right!
You quailed not when the tempest broke
About your homes; your bold guns spoke
A message we ourselves would speak,
Who stand as guardians of the weak;
And we are here; with mighty tread,
Our sons avenge your noble dead.

Brave France! We cross the troubled sea
Not only at your battle plea;
Though stirred to strife by war's alarms,
We come not only men in arms:
We come to seal our broken past
With fellowship and friendship fast—
One heart, one soul, for all the years,
Till earth may hide her warlike fears;
Till Freedom, idol of your sires,
May pledge to all her sacred fires.

WOODROW WILSON—LEADER

WHEN war first cast its flames across the skies,
In distant lands, when by a pistol shot
Old Europe flared into a furnace hot,
And the dazed world was rent with human cries,
They who, of lighter mind, could not restrain
The tinder in themselves, called loud for war,
And bade us join the strife, however far
Our shores might be. Quick anger and disdain
They had for him who held our reins of state,
But he, wise leader, massed what strength was ours
From our aloofness, till with all our powers
Matured, our arms could strike the blow of fate!

IN FRIENDLY TOWN

WEALTH

*I have a friend of wealth untold;
Her window views a field of gold,
And right before her open door
A rosebush thrives—though little more.*

*A robin comes each shining day
And helps her while the hours away;
But more—within her four walls pent,
She holds the jewel of content.*

KING OF AN ACRE

A KING of bluest blood am I,
Though gold and purple pass me by;
By right divine I wield the rod
Above this realm of sod and clod.

My palace home is passing plain—
A simple cottage by the lane;
Beneath its roof what hours are spent
Of kingly thought and proud content!

My Queen, what royal garb has she?
The robes of worth and purity;
A rod of love her fair hands hold—
A scepter mightier than of gold.

No hunting grounds my kingdom knows;
I find fair sport in fat bean rows,
And in the maze of bush and vine,
And tangled wealth of eglantine.

What need have I of golden crown,
Or jeweled throne, or fair renown?
I look at none with jealous eye,
For who has more of sun and sky?

Oh, who would not a monarch be
Of cot and hearth, of bush and tree!
He shall not ask a beggar's dole,
Who has an acre—and his soul.

ON CONTENTMENT STREET

HERE, on fair Contentment Street,
Life is blest and joy complete.
In each home abides a friend;
No fraternal quarrels rend;
Every heart is open wide;
Comrades all are we who bide
On Contentment Street, nor ever
Can the curse of envy sever.

Spring comes early to our town;
Summer sends her best gifts down;
Bounteous fields of daisy-gold
Bring our vision joy untold.
Lilac bloom and roses red
Cheer us. With the summer fled,
What rare gifts the fruit trees pour
From their golden autumn store!

Why should we, my friend, complain,
While each month affords such gain?
Health and friends and hope are ours;
Work, and rest in shady bowers.
We have little moneyed treasure,
But have joy beyond all measure.
Peace and love are bread and meat
Here on dear Contentment Street.

THE OPTIMIST'S RAINY DAY

O H, what a lovely day
To gently slip away
And live again in fancy's fairyland,
With Stevenson and Scott
And Dickens—such a lot
Of fun and frolic ready to my hand!

Then Riley, with his songs,
To just this day belongs,
For every word bears messages of cheer;
And here is rare Mark Twain—
Now let it rain and rain;
There's naught of gloom can ever reach me here.

Then, when I turn away
From all these comrades gay,
I look far out upon the fields of corn,
And seem to see them grow,
A-waving row on row—
And think of Plenty filling up her horn.

The daisies in the rain
Shine forth with might and main;
A hundred robins fill the apple tree;
Oh, what a lovely day,
With everything so gay!
It's raining joy and wonderment to me!

A SONG OF QUIETNESS

BE still, my heart, and let the world rush onward!
Be still awhile, that we may be with God!
Why should we follow, follow still in madness?
Why should we bow to Mammon's tyrant rod?
Be still, be still! Now let us wander backward,
Through flowery fields that we have hurried by.
Let us, as children, pluck again the daisies
That fleck the fields as stars the midnight sky.

Be still, my heart! What profiteth this fretting,
This ceaseless strife, by proud ambition stirred?
What gain shall come from all this greed for getting?
Be still, my heart, while God declares His word!
More truly speaks the lily of the valley
Than busy marts, with spirit-killing roar.
Be still, be still, let Silence be your teacher!
Be still, my heart, and heed the world no more!

TAKE TIME TO LIVE

TAKE time to live;
The world has much to give,
Of faith and hope and love:
Of faith that life is good,
That human brotherhood
Shall no illusion prove;
Of hope that future years
Shall bring the best, in spite
Of those whose darkened sight
Would stir our doubts and fears;
Of love, that makes of life,
With all its griefs, a song;
A friend, of conquered wrong;
A symphony, of strife.
Take time to live,
Nor to vain mammon give
Your fruitful years.

Take time to live;
The world has much to give
Of sweet content; of joy
At duty bravely done;
Of hope, that every sun
Shall bring more fair employ.
Take time to live,

For life has much to give
Despite the cynic's sneer
That all's forever wrong;
There's much that calls for song,
To fate lend not your ear.
Take time to live;
The world has much to give.

HUT HAPPINESS

LET men of pride rush madly on and on,
And men of daring sail the vengeful sea;
In this plain hut, with quietude of dawn
And starry eve my friends, is joy for me.

The hollyhocks are comrades I can trust,
The daisies never fail me in my need;
Content and health enhance my scanty crust;
Though poor in gold, my soul is rich indeed.

IN FAIRYLAND

WITH the shrill of the whistle and rattle of
drum,
From the reddening Eastland the Wake-fairies come;
Like the tread of an army their footsteps are heard;
Every lassie and lad from his slumber is stirred;
All from the summerland Island of Dreams
Quietly steal, while the sun's silver beams
Lighten the way back to Dayland again,
Out from the harbor and over the main,
There to laugh and to weep until whistle and drum
Shall be hushed into dreams when the Sleep-fairies
come.

With the deep-muffled oars and a lullaby hum,
From the purple-dyed Westland the Sleep-fairies
come;
As the shadows again from their dark dungeons
creep,
Lo they waft o'er the bairnies the fair wand of sleep;
Close by each snowy bed softly they sing;
Mantles of moonbeams o'er each one they fling;
Then, in their shallops, far over the main,
Out into Sleepland they bear them, again
For a dream-frolic ready, till whistle and drum
Shall announce that for them the Wake-fairies have
come.

HOW FAR IS IT TO CHILDHOOD TOWN?

"HOW far is it to Childhood Town?"

A small child asked of me,
Not knowing of the pain she gave—

My heart she could not see;
For, as I sought, in simple words,
To please her eager ears,
A tear broke past unwilling eyes,
That looked on other years.

How far is it to Childhood Town?

Oh, many miles, my child!
Beyond the Mountains of Defeat,
Where blasted hopes are piled;
Beyond the Vale of Sorrow, where
The trees with blight are brown.
Far, far away that happy place
We once called Childhood Town.

How far is it to Childhood Town?

Far past the sun-scorched plain,
Where thronging men, with hearts inflamed,
Wage war for sordid gain;
Far o'er the Sea, where many ships
Have stranded and gone down.
Oh, far away that happy realm
We once called Childhood Town.

And yet your heart, my happy child,
 Feels naught of human woe;
No mount, no vale, no stormy sea,
 Your simple life can know;
For you a river, passing fair,
 Flows evermore adown
By that rare realm, sweet Fairyland,
 Your own dear Childhood Town.

SONGS OF SEASONS

REVELATION

*I said in my heart,
My lonely heart,
 "All love is dead";
But behold! a friend
Brought a wealth of cheer,
 And gave me bread.*

*I said in my heart,
My aching heart,
 "God sends but night";
Then the sun shone forth
And enwrapped the earth
 In golden light.*

*I said in my heart,
My breaking heart,
 That death is king;
And behold! the earth
Felt the south wind's warmth,
 And lo! 'twas spring!*

MARCH YEARNING

N AKED bough and moaning tree,
North wind sighing gloomily,
Is there news from o'er the plain?
Tell, will springtime come again?
And the wind and bough and tree
Heard not, chanting drearily.

Sun of morn and soft south wind,
Surely you are not unkind.
In your journeyings afar,
Have you found where gardens are?
Are there blooming zones of earth?
Shall our spring soon come to birth?
And the sun and wind heard me,
Left me singing cheerily!

SPRING SONG

WITH my ear pressed to the earth,
Long I held my breath and listened,
Till the last snow-flurry fled,
And the last frost-blossom glistened;
And I heard it, yes, I heard it,
Heard her voice of mirth and laughter;
And I saw her tripping toward me
With her rose-girls coming after—
Spring, the queen of love and longing,
With her nymphs of beauty thronging.

As she sped along the path,
Sunbeams hastened to caress her;
And the gentle winds, long prisoned,
Vied, impassioned, to possess her;
Violets, forget-me-nots,
Larkspurs and anemones,
Sprang from every spot she touched,
And the waking apple-trees
Burst again in tinted glory
Freed from Winter's scepter hoary.

TOP O' THE MORNING

THE sun's a rose in the garden of morn;
The air is fresh and sweet;
The cares of yesterday forgot,
Our hearts with new hope beat.
The corn rows gleam in the silvering light,
The meadows drip with dew;
The roses smile for everyone—
Top o' the morning to you!

ON A JUNE DAY

OH, who on a day like this
Could harbor a thought of ill,
With the crocus revealing its gold,
And violets strewn on the hill;
When the air is mellow with June,
And the sky is an ocean of blue?
Oh, who on a day like this
Could be to his vision untrue!

DAWN

THE long, long night has passed;
The hills are touched with gold;
Come, let us feed our hearts
Before the day grows old.
All rapturous the world—
But lo! the charm has gone!
The greedy sun has had its fill
From the glory-feast of dawn.

A JUNE MILLIONAIRE

THEY hide their gold in coffers dark;
Their jewels dare not face the day;
And on their guarded closet shelves
Their royal purple wastes away.

My gold illumines all the sky;
My jewels gleam on every flower;
My simple garb and hardy shoes
Make happy many a lingering hour.

What wealth of beauty do I glean
When on the hills I hail the spring!
And Oh, how golden is the world
When June time takes me wandering!

There is no need to guard the gold
God lavishes on road and field;
For every one may take at will
From Nature's still increasing yield.

I have no fear that coming years
Shall bring me loss and poverty;
For what a wealth of summer hours
The future holds to gladden me!

So let them boast, if boast they will,
Their silver and their garments fine;
I shall not envy them their wealth,
While country roads and June are mine.

WAYSIDE ROSES

ALONG the roadside of the days
The fairest roses grow;
Who seek the sheltered garden plots
No sweet surprise can know.

How glad the hour when, pilgriming,
We tire of dust and clod,
Then come upon a rare wild rose—
A very gift from God.

THE WAY AND THE SONG

WHOEVER has in his heart a song,
Has cheer and to spare for a journey long.
The way may be rough and the weather drear—
One may fare quite well, with a song to cheer.

What though no comrade enliven the way!
Just keep on singing, then, night and day.
Whoever has in his heart a song,
Has cheer and to spare for a journey long.

IN THE DAISY FIELD

LET the busy world rush by,
While I in the daisies lie,
With no roof but arching sky.

Those who will may grieve and fret,
Saying foes and woes beset;
Fears but greater fears beget.

Joy is mine in this today;
Let tomorrow have its way,
Bringing March or blooming May.

Shall I spend myself for gold,
Which by grudging hand is doled?
Beauty is not bought and sold.

Lo, the glory of this field,
With its daisy-golden yield.
How hath God His love revealed!

So let all the world rush by;
I shall in the daisies lie,
With no roof but arching sky.

SEPTEMBER

REIGNETH now the sad September.
Like a slowly dying ember,
Fades the summer. Past its glory,
Yet remains the mournful story
Of the autumn. In the haze
Flames of goldenrod upblaze;
And the daisy, child of summer,
Stays to greet the staid newcomer,
Still to lend its bright good cheer
To the surely dying year.
In the forest, lately green,
Autumn's handiwork is seen;
For in orange, red and gold
Rarest beauties now unfold;
And the stream, but lately sparkling
With the summer's sheen, now darkling,
Chants a low, funereal song,
As it slowly moves along.
Choirs of song birds, grown more still,
In the orchard on the hill
Utter now a wild lament
That the summer days are spent.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER

NOW fair Summer's streaming silver
Yields to Autumn's haze of gold;
Summer hours like sheep are driven
 Back again to Nature's fold.
Dimmer grows the Old Year's vision,
 Shortened is his vital breath;
All the earth, with hues funereal,
 Tells of queenly Summer's death.
Lo! the shadows longer fall,
And a hush is over all.

From her brimming horn of plenty
 Autumn soon shall pour her hoard;
Then in cellars, ready waiting,
 All with gladness shall be stored,
There to wait the hungry winter,
 When the chilling wind shall blow,
And the kettle's cheery singing
 Shall drive back the ice and snow.
Then to Summer shall we bring
Grateful hearts' glad offering.

AUTUMN

NOW is the dream-time of the year,
And the soft West wind
Gently woos to sleep
The leaves, swift-falling, gold and red and sere;
And the wild flowers,
Born of summer hours,
Prepare for slumber, knowing winter near.

Now is the dream-time of the year,
And the sad, sad heart
Dreams of summer days,
And of tender hours, now vanished, and more dear;
And the heart cries out
For the hopes that lie
By the wayside dead, and drops for each a tear.

ROMANCE

ROMANCE

*I have not sung of Arcady,
Because I live there still.
I have not lauded love's sweet ways,
Nor praised the charm of summer days,
For love has not deserted me,
And summer has not ceased to be;
I have not sung of Arcady,
Because I live there still.*

A SONG AND A DREAM

THERE'S a song in my heart singing,
And it sings the long day through—
Rose of dawn, at golden sunset,
And when all the world is blue;
And the song in my heart singing
Is a song of you—of you.

There's a dream to my heart coming,
And it comes the whole night through;
It is born of love and longing,
And its vision shall come true;
And the dream to my heart coming
Is a dream of you—of you.

TO HELEN

APRIL bore you, Helen dear,
Fickle month of all the year;
Now like sunshine is your face,
Soon to yield with easy grace
 To the storm.

April bore you, Helen dear,
Fickle month of all the year.

April bore you, fickle one,
With your moods of rain and sun;
Still I would not change your ways,
For I love those April days,
 And so you.

April bore you, fickle one,
With your moods of rain and sun.

A MINIATURE

I KNOW a little grove beneath a cloud-clear sky;
Three sheltering trees are there, and the winds
go whispering by.

The day is full of dreams, and the air is filled with
song,

For beside that sweet retreat a river runs along.
The roses riot there, and hid within the green
Forget-me-nots grow thick—and bleeding hearts
are seen.

I have not glimpsed that spot for a sacred sheaf of
years,

But ah, how clear it seems through youth's devoted
tears!

I know a little grove beneath a cloudless sky,
And I love that bit of earth—perhaps you wonder
why!

THE RESCUE

PASSION seized—and her eyes flashed fire,
Teased and tore at my heart's desire;
(Love played low on her mystic lyre);
Passion raged with a demon's ire.

Love played low on the magic strings,
Called up dreams of a thousand springs;
(Passion hissed with her venom'd stings);
Love upbore on a cloud of wings!

THE HOMECOMING

YOUTH would go a wandering
In the month of May;
So from out the homeland gate
Swift he went his way;
"I will roam," he lightly said,
"Forever and a day."

Many months he wandered,
Wandered at his will;
But the woodlands turned to brown
With November chill;
Then, with speeding footsteps,
He sought the homeland hill.

"Give to me the highway
When the world is red,
When the fields are green and gold"—
Thus the pilgrim said;
"But for me the home road
When the summer's dead."

LOVE THE PENITENT

LOVE went roaming
When the spring was new:
He was weary
Of his sweetheart true;
Life was merry
And the skies were blue:
Love went roaming
When the spring was new.

Love came homeward
On a winter day:
He was weary
And had lost his way;
Life was cheerless
And the skies were gray:
Love came homeward
On a winter day.

KEEP LOVE IN YOUR LIFE

KEEP love in your life, my friend,
If yōu would have perfect joy;
Keep love, never let her depart—

For who would his life destroy?
For life's no longer than love, my friend;
When love is no more, 'tis the journey's end,
And Regret and Fear shall your way attend.
Keep love in your life, my friend.

Keep love in your life alway,

Though tempted to bid her go;
Keep love the bride of your heart,

If you would a true life know.
For life's no longer than love, I say;
With the end of love comes the close of day,
And the chill of death 'mid the shadows gray.
Keep love in your life alway.

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS

OVER the mist-shrouded Ocean of Years,
Lighted by memory's gleams,
Far from the mainland of Sorrow and Tears,
Lieth the Island of Dreams.

Cometh no winter to that blissful Isle;
There summer reigneth for aye;
On its fair gardens abideth the smile
Of a ne'er-vanishing day.

Far o'er its meadows, where wild roses blow,
By its soft murmuring streams,
Children play ever, with faces aglow,
Rapt in the joy of their dreams.
Never a cloud mars the blue of those skies,
No dark'ning tempest or rain.
Sunshine abides where that happy Isle lies,
Far o'er the mist-shrouded main.

Yet from that Island, in ships passing fair,
Light hearts embark all the day,
Seeking the City of Knowledge, somewhere
Out o'er the billowy way.
Over the waters the ships bear them far,—
Lost is the Island of Dreams!
Outward they speed them, past hindering bar,
Seeking the City's fair gleams.

Far in the Westland the Island is lost;
 Soon from the East cometh night;
Over the Ocean of Years they are tossed,
 Longing for day and for light.
Still for them shineth Hope's radiant star,
 Beckoning evermore on
Over the ocean that stretches afar
 Unto the eternal Dawn.

HEART OF GOLD

WHEN God thought to give to men,
 Gifts which all their love might hold,
Searched He earth and heaven, and then
 Gave me you, my Heart of Gold.

GIVE ALL FOR LOVE

GIVE all for love
Let not that priceless boon
Be shut from you by vanity of gold;
It is the only prize your hands can hold
At last; and death comes soon.
Give all for love.

Give all for love.
It may not seem to you
Substantial, worth your God-allotted time;
But care! The crude today sees not as life's full
prime;
The last day shall speak true!
Give all for love.

Give all for love:
Let not the faith-born smile
That lights the face of Her your heart knows best
Fade, unrequited; let Her be your Quest.
Though other gifts beguile,
Give all for love.

FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM

THE WORLD BUILDERS

*Give me the poet's vision,
Grant me the gift of song;
Life and the things eternal
All to the bards belong.*

*They are the true world builders,
Theirs are the deathless years,
Theirs is an ageless scepter—
Wielders of dreams and tears.*

*Where is the soldier's glory?
Where is the monarch's name?
Theirs is a bloody story,
Theirs is a blighted fame.*

*Where is the statesman's grandeur?
Where is the courtier's pride?
Lo! in the tombs they rest them,
By the wild ocean side.*

*Give me the poet's vision,
Grant me the gift of song;
Life and the things eternal
All to the bards belong.*

THE POET'S CALL

BY day the fields and meadows cry;
By night the bright stars plead;
He hears the message from on high,
And to the call gives heed.

The roses tremble as he nears,
And cry, "Rejoice, rejoice!"
The rocks break forth as he appears,
"God sends a Voice, a Voice!"

THE SEER

IN every summer-laden breeze—
The croon of autumn-tinted trees—
 He hears the Voice;
The glad awakening of spring,
And even winter's icy sting,
 Bids him rejoice.

He glories in the morn's new light,
He shouts among the stars at night,
 He soars, earth-free;
The clouds on azure canvas limn
Fair pictures, framed in gold, for him
 Who can but see.

In humble paths his days are spent,
His simple heart reads sweet content
 In quiet skies;
His world to baser men seems bare,
But to his thought is realm more fair
 Than paradise.

THE POET

THOUGH part of all I meet,
I walk my way alone;
Knowing the hearts of men—
To them, alas! unknown.

THE TWO SONGS

THERE came an hour of joy to me;
My voice, athrill, broke forth in song;
Men listened, rapt, but soon, alas!
Forgetting, passed along.

Then came an hour with sorrow filled;
My heart, bowed down, sang yet again;
Men harkened, stirred with kindred grief—
And ne'er forgot the strain.

FAME

AMID the noisy haunts of men
One sought the prize of fame;
The world refused to hear his song,
And would not know his name.

Another, from ambition free,
Sang quietly, apart;
The world, persistent, sought him out,
And took him to her heart.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
(1915)

POET of common things—
Sunshine and birds and flowers—
For you all nature sings.
For you love ever springs.
Joy gleams from sorrow's showers
At your sweet carolings.
Children bring love to you,
Knowing your heart is true,
Knowing you understand
Their dreams of fairyland.
Greetings we all would bring,
Poet, and Childhood's King.

TO THE SINGER

POET, sing thy song!
What though none heed thy lyre?
Let Heaven still inspire
Lyrics both sweet and strong.
Poet, sing.

Poet, why now grieve?
Though men may turn away
At the high noon of day,
They will return at eve.
Poet, cheer.

Poet, dream thy dream.
Long years may come and go;
Old age may bring its snow;
And though all seem in vain,
Cease not thy heavenly strain!
Earth still shall catch the gleam.
Poet, dream.

Poet, lose not heart.
What though men nurse the wrong,
And scorn thy loving song?
What though the nations hate?
What though war devastate?
Earth yet shall learn thy art.
Poet, sing!

CHRISTUS

MARY

*With love that counted not the cost,
She broke the alabaster; filled
With but one thought: It was her Friend
For whom the precious gift was spilled.*

CAESAR AND CHRIST

PROUD Caesar came in strength of steel;
The panoply of war was his.
At his command men poured forth life,
The cities perished, nations fell.
He left as heritage a blood-stained tide;
He came, he scorned, he slaughtered—
And he died.

The meek Christ came, His strength the true—
A heart of love His panoply.
At His command men found their life,
The cities flourished, nations grew.
As heritage, the reign of peace He gives;
He came, He loved, He pitied—
And He lives.

THE UNIVERSAL GUILT

I SAW One greeted with a kiss;
A son of night performed the deed;
And then they led away my Lord
To be despised, to suffer, bleed;
And I stood by, nor said a word,
Nor was I by His mute grief stirred.

I saw One wear a crown of thorns;
They placed it rudely on His brow,
And pressed it down; and as He bowed
They cried, "Messiah—see Him now!"
And I stood by, nor moved a limb
To save my Lord, or comfort Him.

I saw One hanging on a cross;
As in each hand they drove the nail,
He groaned and cried, "O God, forgive!"
They laughed and shouted, "King, all hail!"
And I with them was standing there,
As He breathed out His dying prayer.

A PRAYER

O THOU whose very word is power,
Great Master of the mighty sea,
Grip Thou my will within Thine own,
And rule Thou me.

As Thou didst calm the winds and waves
That wrestled wild on Galilee,
Rebuke the passions that would slay,
And calm Thou me.

The arm of man availeth not
To snatch me from the engulfing sea.
Stretch forth Thy strong and willing hand,
And save Thou me.

THE TRUE NEED

I DO not wish to see my sins more plain,
But this: to know Thy life, without a stain.

I would not see the vileness of my heart,
But this would know: how pure and true Thou art.

I would forget my paltry life, so small,
And know Thy greatness, Thou, my All in All.

Oh! teach me not how deep my spirit's night,
But flood me with Thy beams, Thou Perfect Light!

THE PRAYER OF THE SOUL

HUNGRY of soul for bread to satisfy,
Fed through the years with husks of vanity,
My body faint, drooping my weary head—
Hungry of soul, I come to Thee for Bread.

Thirsty of soul for living waters pure,
Far from the spring, I scarce my life endure,
My throat all parched, and gone my power to sing—
Thirsty of soul, I come to seek Thy Spring.

Darkened in soul, in world of darkness pent,
Gone sun and star from out my firmament;
Groping as blind, all things bring me affright;
Darkened in soul, I come to Thee for Light.

Weary of soul of all the world's hard strife,
Sick of the wrong that ever fills my life,
Sated with self and with my selfish quest—
Weary in soul, I come to Thee for Rest.

A PRAYER

O SUN of life, O wondrous shining Light,
How pale our candles, flickering in the night!
And yet we boast the splendor of their rays!
Oh! make us humble, Lightener of our days.

O Source of truth, O Wisdom past compare,
Speak unto us, that we Thy truth may share.
May some small portion of Thy heavenly lore
Leaven our minds. Instruct us evermore.

O Heart of God, O great unselfish Love,
That came to earth, a Father's care to prove,
We have but Thee; there is no other way
To truth, to life, to God's eternal Day.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE

I KNOW not what shall be,
But fear dwells not with me,
For in Him,
When earth lamps all are dim,
The light of life I see—
Love
Above
All things this earth upon;
And I follow Him
Trustingly
On and on.

WANDERERS

OUR feet have wandered from Thy path,
Thou lowly Christ of Galilee,
Sweet prophet of the helping hand,
Meek Lord of love and sympathy.

Thy faith was but to walk with God
With humble heart and open mind,
But we have builded shrines of stone
In which to worship—spirit-blind!

We lift our heads in loveless prayers,
We glory in our well-wrought creed,
Though righteousness alone avails,
Though mercy is the only need.

Break down, O Christ, our heartless faiths,
And give to us that spirit fine
Which feels in Thee a Comrade strong,
In every soul a friend of Thine.

THE CHRIST MILITANT

WE serve no weak and timid Christ,
We would not heed a futile Lord;
The Man we follow unto death
Was not afraid of rod or sword.

He asked no pillow for His head,
He sought no luxury of ease;
The tides that swept His daring soul
Were dauntless as the mighty seas.

The little town of Nazareth
Could never bound His spirit's aim;
He dreamed that every zone of earth
Should know the wonder of His name.

A soldier of the truth was He;
His anger flamed at vested wrong;
He challenged kings to fateful war,
And sounded clear His battle song.

Against the cruel lords of pride
He stood a warrior, strong and sure,
And whipped the greedy temple thieves
Who sought to cheat His helpless poor.

He ruled the stubborn hearts of men,
And yet disdained the tyrant's rod—
The mighty Captain of the Right,
The Savior of the World of God.

THE FAITH OF CHRIST'S FREEMEN

OUR faith is not in dead saints' bones,
In altars of vain sacrifice;
Nor is it in the stately stones
That rise in beauty toward the skies.

Our faith is in the Christ who walks
With men today, in street and mart;
The constant Friend who thinks and talks
With those who seek Him with the heart.

We would not spurn the ancient lore,
The prophet's word or psalmist's prayer;
But lo! our Leader goes before,
Tomorrow's battles to prepare.

His Gospel calls for living men,
With singing blood and minds alert;
Strong men, who fall to rise again,
Who strive and bleed, with courage girt.

We serve no God whose work is done,
Who rests within His firmament:
Our God, His labors but begun,
Toils evermore, with power unspent.

God was and is and e'er shall be;
Christ lived and loved—and loves us still;
And man goes forward, proud and free,
God's present purpose to fulfill.

THE MYSTIC

LIGHT

*The man who has within
No guiding light
Walks, in the blazing noon,
As in the night.*

*Whom God illumines, dwells
In undimmed day;
Through storm and night he treads
A clear, sure way.*

THE PURSUIT

I DREAMED that I could flee from Him,
And through the morn and noon I sped—
So swift, I thought, He could not see;
But, when the day began to dim,
Lo! there was He.

I fled from Him through countless years;
I sought the shadows of the night;
But I could not His love forget;
A penitent, I turned in tears—
He followed yet.

And still He follows, on and on;
And I still stumble—but in trust;
For I have learned, with growing night,
That, if there is for me a dawn,
He is its light.

THE SEARCH

I SOUGHT His love in sun and stars,
And where the wild seas roll,
But found it not. As mute I stood,
Fear overwhelmed my soul;
But when I gave to one in need,
I found the Lord of love indeed.

I sought His love in lore of books,
In charts of science' skill;
They left me orphaned as before—
His love eluded still;
Then in despair I breathed a prayer;
The Lord of love was standing there!

THE STAY

I SEE Him when the breaking dawn
Recalls the laggard soul from rest;
I hear Him in the starry night,
When silence comes to be my guest.

His voice breathes low in early spring,
When frost chains break and March winds fail,
When larkspurs and anemones
Awake to life in every vale.

When sorrow calls to lonely paths,
When Heaven lures our loved away,
His voice still speaks—how quietly!
And utters words no tongue can say.

With Him my stay, I cannot fall;
In spirit stress and battle shock
I still shall trust Him, Lord of life,
Amid the tides a mighty Rock.

THE VOICE OF THE DEEP

OUT of the darkness born of the night,
Above the billows which over my bark
Relentlessly sweep,
Comes to my spirit, weak with affright,
Calming its tumult, borne from the darkness,
The Voice of the Deep.

Out of the darkness born of my night,
Above the sorrows which over my life
Relentlessly sweep,
Comes to my spirit, weak with affright,
Calming its tumult, borne from the darkness,
The Voice of the Deep.

GOD IS NOT FAR!

GOD is not far from any one of us:
The wild flower by the wayside speaks His love;
Each blithesome bird bears tidings from above;
Sunshine and shower His tender mercies prove,
And men know not His voice!

God is not far from any one of us:
He speaks to us in every glad sunrise;
His glory floods us from the noonday skies;
The stars declare His love when daylight dies,
And men know not His voice!

God is not far from any one of us:
He watches o'er His children day and night;
On every darkened soul He sheds His light;
Each burdened heart He cheers, and lends His might
To all who know His voice.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

LOSING my way, I groped, with fears beset;
Dim grew the day; on came the blinding night;
Hopeless, I knelt and closed my eyes to pray—
Lo, all about me streamed the Light!

FAITH

FAITH is to know that He
Who gave us poverty
Doth thus our hearts prepare
His greater wealth to share.

It is to trust His power
To smite the darkest hour
That ever blurred our sight
With His dawn-bringing light.

Faith is to thank His hand
For all that He has planned
For us; to know that ill
Is good, if 'tis His will.

MY PILOT KNOWS

AS moves my fragile bark across the storm-swept
 sea,
 Great waves beat o'er her side,
 As North-wind blows;
Deep in the darkness hid, lie threat'ning rocks and
 shoals;
But all of these—and more,
 My Pilot knows.

Sometimes, when dark the night, and every light
 gone out,
I wonder to what port
 My frail bark goes;
Still, though the night be long, and restless all my
 hours,
My distant goal, I'm sure,
 My Pilot knows.

AT THE DAY'S BEGINNING

NOT for the eyes of men
 May this day's work be done,
But unto Thee, O God,
 That, with the setting sun,
My heart may know the matchless prize
Of sure approval in Thine eyes.

TO-DAY

TO-DAY, an hour of passing smiles and tears?
To-day? It holds the destinies of years.

Kingdoms shall pass,
Worlds fade as grass,
Yet shall abide the fruitage of To-day.

To-day, you say, a moment's fleeting breath?
To-day shall live when suns have plunged to death.

Kingdoms shall pass,
Worlds fade as grass,
Yet shall abide the fruitage of To-day.

To-day, you say, a meteor in the night?
To-day shall stand when stars have lost their light.

Kingdoms shall pass,
Worlds fade as grass,
Yet shall abide the fruitage of To-day.

THE BEST THINGS

BETTER than gold or kingly crown,
Better than soldier's fame,
Better than statesman's fair renown,
Is a God-honored name.

Better than prophet's seeing eye,
Better than poet's art,
Better than patriot's purpose high,
Is a God-loving heart.

THIS ABIDES

THE sun shall fail in its course,
The stars shall cease to shine;
Only one thing abides—
The love that is thine and mine.

The glory of kings shall fade,
The statesman's fame decline;
One thing alone shall live—
The love that is mine and thine.

Dominion and power shall die,
And pride its throne resign;
Only one thing shall last—
The love in your heart and mine.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN

AS little children playing along the wide seashore,
Gathering pearly shells, turning them o'er and
o'er,

Tiring of each in turn but to seek a brighter one—
So play we, children all, till life's play hour is done.

As little children playing along the wide seashore,
Building their houses of sand where the wild waters
roar,

Then, when the waves devour, crying out to the
heedless deep—

So play we, children all, and are left on the shore to
weep.

As little children playing along the wide seashore,
Launching their fragile barks freighted with precious
store,

Tracing their wayward course till the waves their
treasures spend—

So play we, children all, and shall unto the end.

THE SPIRIT OF HOPE

AH, well for him who knows, when each new goal
Eludes his steps, 'tis only that the soul
To farther goals may speed, and that the eyes
May thus be lifted toward a fairer prize;
Who, called at eve to lay his hopes away,
Knows higher hopes shall come with breaking day.

AT EVENING TIME

I KNOW not what the long years hold
Of winter days and summer clime;
But this I know: when life grows old,
It shall be light—at evening time.

I can not tell what boon awaits
To greet me, with the falling night;
But this I know: beyond the gates,
At evening time it shall be light.

BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD

BE still and know that I am God,
Ye who with fret and fear are worn;
Who hear no voice, when tempests beat;
Who faint, by sorrows overborne;
Who dwell in shadows of defeat.

Be still and know that I am God,
The world is mine—the shine, the storm;
Your life is mine—your hopes, your fears;
The sun is mine, to keep you warm;
I guard your days, your distant years.

Be still and know that I am God.
Let not the fires of war appal;
Fear not the demons of the seas;
The kings who build on blood shall fall;
I rule the nations' destinies.

Be still and know that I am God.
Mine only is the conquering sword;
What can avail the tyrant's boasts,
If I oppose, who am the Lord?
Fear only me, the Lord of Hosts!

STUDIES IN SOULS

INFLUENCE

*I saw him once—he stood a moment there;
He spake one word, which laid his spirit bare;
He grasped my hand, then passed beyond my ken;
But what I was, I shall not be again.*

THE REMORSE OF DAVID

DID some one call me king—David the king?
The lips were false that spake thus for my ear.
King over men—but of his lust the slave!
Ill fares the throne on such foundation built.
Who ruleth self hath naught wherefrom to fear;
Who holdeth not the reins to appetite,
Hath naught to guide save his wild, lustful will,
A charioteer to fiery steeds attached.
Death yawns for such, though life seems long to bless.

O fatal night, in which the thought was born
Which bore in turn the deed that bound my soul
To this deep hell! No fires with this compare—
The pangs of conscience wronged, the will of God
defied.

I know not now the peace that reigned within
When I, a lad on these Judean hills,
Led tender flocks by gently flowing streams,
Through pastures green, all innocent of wrong.

Sweet hours of youth, come ye but once again
To still this spirit groaning in its chains,
Where it, alas! must bide for evermore—
Except one come, in strength of purity,
And break these galling bonds, and set me free.

My harp, once as my Love, hangs idle now;
For music bideth not in souls depraved.
She dwelleth but on high, where God abides;
And if she comes to earth, she visits men
In holiness secure. O wretched fate,
To be bereft of that we once adored
As never womankind! Forget the past,
Beloved Music, be thou still my friend,
As when of old in grassy fields you walked with me,
And doubted not my heart was true.
You pointed out the stars and bade me sing
Their matchless harmonies; nor did I halt,
But, tuning harp to voice, I sang to Him,
And felt the heavens descend and lift me far
Beyond Judean hills to Jahweh's throne.

Alas, my power is gone, my harp is still,
And evermore shall be; for who would deign
To touch those magic strings with hands defiled!

Again the voices call, "King David—King!"
No more a king, but slave, a self-bound slave!
Who calls? Let him come in, but call not, "King!"

THE MASTER

WE need him now—his rugged faith that held
Fast to the rock of Truth through all the days
Of moil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld
By very God was he—that God who stays
All hero-souls who will but trust in Him,
And trusting, labor as if God were not.
His eyes beheld the stars, clouds could not dim
Their glory; but his task was not forgot:

To keep his people one; to hold them true
To that fair dream their fathers willed to them—
Freedom for all; to spur them; to renew
Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.
Such was his task, and well his work was done—
Who willed us *greater* tasks, when set his sun.
February the Twelfth, 1917.

THE WORLD'S VERDICT

ONE sent out his ships to earth's farthest shores,
And brought to his coffers the Orient's stores;
The wild desert sands
Became gold in his hands;
And the world called him Genius—and wondered.

One sought out the secrets of planet and star;
He reveled in problems of granite and spar;
He hungered to know
All the earth could bestow;
And the world called him Scholar—and praised him.

One looked on a suffering, down-trodden race;
He wept as he gazed upon each troubled face;
He heeded their plea,
And he set their hands free;
And the world called him *Brother*—and loved him.

THE MASTERPIECE

GOD took a piece of common human clay;
Planted therein ambition's vital seed;
Placed him, a youth, beside the common way,
That he might learn the common human need.

Made strong by strife, he faced the storm of wrath;
Love made him wise, a Nation's cause to plead;
He walked with God, though in a yeoman's path,
And seized on fame by an immortal deed.

THE UNCROWNED VICTOR

FALSELY you have said he failed—
He whose strong, faith-founded soul
Never faltered, never quailed;
From whose sight the longed-for goal
Never vanished; he for whom
There was never hopeless wrong;
He who at the brink of doom
Felt his spirit wax more strong.
Failure? No! To him be glory!
Let a verdict fair be spoken:
Life and death and battles gory
Found him true, his faith unbroken.

THE GLORY OF LINCOLN

WHO builds of stone a shrine to bear his name,
Shall be forgot when months and years have
 flown;

Who writes his name upon the scroll of fame,
 The centuries shall find to men unknown;
But who for fellow men endured the shame,
 Shall have eternal glory for his own.

SUCCESS

HE has not failed—
Who has not feared nor quailed;
Who, by the truth made strong,
Has battled hard and long
Against the forms of wrong
That lurk in self and state.
His is a service great,
Though none may know his name;
He needs no laureled fame!
He boasts a fairer prize:
Before God's righteous eyes
He did the best he knew,
Nor was to truth untrue.

DIVES

I HAVE built me a kingdom of my own;
Great walls encompass me about;
No man can fret my soul.
My ships have scoured the Orient,
And have brought to me gems and gold;
My board is weighted down with delicacies;
My daughters are clothed in ermine and purple;
The art of the world is on my walls;
No other man can equal me;
No man can envy me, to attack me,
For my castle gates are barred,
And my walls are strong.
What though the cursed mob be penniless!
What though babes and children starve,
And women cry for bread!
They cannot steal my joy,
For my gates are barred,
And my walls are strong.
O my victorious soul, take thine ease,
Eat, drink and be merry,
For thou art alone in the earth;
Thou hast wrought mightily;
Thou hast built for thyself
A kingdom of thine own.

SYMPATHY

"THE load is heavy I must bear,"
He groaned as, sad at heart,
He walked his chosen selfish way,
From other men apart.

"How light the burden that He gives!"
She whispered as she trod
The road of life in sympathy
With other souls of God.

THE PREACHER

HIS was not the speech that sings,
Naught was his of eloquence;
But his every word had wings—
With the truth his thought was tense.

He had not a poet's dower,
His was neither skill nor art;
But his quiet words had power
To uplift the common heart.

SONS OF PROMISE

IN every meanest face, I see
A perfected humanity;
All men, though brothers of the clod,
Bear promise of the sons of God.

No human ore that does not hold
A precious element of gold;
No heart so blackened and debased
But has for Him some treasure chaste.

THE NEW WORLD

BUGLE SONG OF PEACE

A Prophecy

Blow, bugle, blow!

The day has dawned at last.

Blow, blow, blow!

The fearful night is past;

The prophets realize their dreams.

Lo! in the east the glory gleams.

Blow, bugle, blow!

The day has dawned at last.

Blow, bugle, blow!

The soul of man is free.

The rod and sword of king and lord

Shall no more honored be;

For God alone shall govern men,

And Love shall come to earth again.

Blow, bugle, blow!

The soul of man is free.

Blow, bugle, blow!

Though rivers run with blood,

All greed and strife, and lust for life,

Are passing with the flood.

The gory beast of war is cowed;

The world's great heart with grief is bowed.

Blow, bugle, blow!

The day has dawned at last.

GOD'S DREAMS

DREAMS are they—but they are God's dreams!

Shall we decry them and scorn them?

That men shall love one another,

That white, shall call black man brother,

That greed shall pass from the market-place,

That lust shall yield to love for the race,

That man shall meet with God face to face—

Dreams are they all,

But shall we despise them—

God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!

Can we say nay as they claim us?

That men shall cease from their hating,

That war shall soon be abating,

That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,

That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,

That the love of humanity shall prevail—

Dreams are they all,

But shall we despise them—

God's dreams!

THE NEW EDEN

WHEN every child shall, through his native gift,
Be truthward led along the ways of joy;
When every man shall at his labor lift
Hand, head and heart to God, who gave employ;

When every one an artist soul shall be,
At forge or easel, at the desk or loom,
Then through his task shall every man be free,
And none shall toil, as captive to his doom.

Cities shall then become the shrines of art;
Towns, gardens all, shall blossom as the May;
Laughter shall thrive, of every life a part,
And rest await each man at close of day.

Then shall be born the kingdom of the blest;
In every heart shall love exalted be;
Then God once more shall see His garden drest
With flower and fruit, and every pleasant tree.

THE CRY OF THE WORLD'S WRETCHED ONES

THE touch of human hands—
That is the boon we ask;
For groping, day by day,
Along the stony way,
We need the comrade heart
That understands,
And the warmth, the living warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—
Not vain, unthinking words,
Nor that cold charity
Which shuns our misery;
We seek a loyal friend
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—
Such care as was in Him
Who walked in Galilee
Beside the silver sea;
We need a patient guide
Who understands,
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth
Of human hands.

THE GOLDEN AGE

THE golden age will dawn
When man shall dare to be
From false ambition free,
His goal the truth;
When every youth
Shall seek, not wealth and fame,
But this,—a spotless name.
Righteousness shall be bold
In that fair age of gold.

The golden age will come
When men shall work for joy;
When each shall find employ
Suited to each;
When toil shall teach,
Not bring the soul disgust;
Men will not hear, "Thou must!"
Labor will not be sold,
In that bright age of gold.

The golden age on earth
Will be a time of peace;
The wars of greed shall cease;
Envy shall fail,
Mercy prevail;
Creeds shall not separate;
Caste shall be out of date;
Love shall all hearts enfold
In that fair age of gold.

THE COMING

CHRIST will come to earth again;
He will come to dwell with men;
He will meet them in the mart;
He will greet them heart to heart;
He will make all hard things plain,
When He comes.

Christ will come again to earth;
Then shall be a new world-birth;
War and armaments shall cease;
Every land shall bide in peace;
Swords will be of little worth,
When He comes.

Christ will come, aye, He will come—
Not with trumpet blare and drum;
But with lives of kindliness
All men shall His Name confess;
There shall none be blind or dumb,
When He comes.

Christ will come to earth—and then
Love shall reign supreme with men;
For the hardness of our creeds
Will give way to loving deeds;
Heaven and earth will meet again,
When He comes.



HECKMAN
DERY INC.



DEC 88

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

